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PS  
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1910

# The Arctic Architects

Edwin Bateman Morris

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY



Class PS 3525

Book .O 738 A85

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# The Arctic Architects

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A Farce in Two Acts

BY

EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS

Author of "MILLIONS IN IT," "THE FRESHMAN," etc.



PHILADELPHIA  
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12-36933

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new July 27 1/2.

# The Arctic Architects

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## CHARACTERS

OLMSTEIN } architects.  
WEISSENPIMPFLE }  
BUSTER WARREN, *Star Reporter of New York "Vacuum."*  
COMMANDER QUERY, *an obscure explorer.*  
DOORMAT HENCOOP, *his shadow.*  
CAPTAIN HEAVE, *Skipper of the "Abraham II."*  
OLSEN GIBSON, \* *mate of the same.*  
SAILOR, *with comic opera habits.*  
MRS. SPANKER, *a suffragette leader.*  
EUGENIE, *Mrs. Weissenpimpfle's maid.*  
MRS. WEISSENPIMPFLE, *formerly Helen Augusta Wind,*  
*millionairess.*

TIME.—August.

PLACE.—First Act, New York Harbor.

Second Act, North Pole.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION :—One hour and a half.

\* Gibson may easily be omitted, if desired.

## COSTUMES

OLMSTEIN. He should be tall. In Act I he wears frock coat and light trousers, tight and short. High hat. Gloves of some pronounced color. Bright red necktie and large pin. Jewish or German make-up. In Act II same costume, but with fur (may be cotton) around edges of coat, cuffs, bottom of trousers, hat, etc., and wears large fur gloves.

WEISSENPIMPFLE. He should be shorter than OLMSTEIN, and very stout. Act I. Loud clothes of exaggerated fashionable cut. Derby hat. Act II. Clothes trimmed with fur, like OLMSTEIN's, and wears fur gloves and automobile goggles.

BUSTER. Act I. Summer suit and straw hat, and carries cane and note-book. Act II. White duck or white flannel suit, white shoes, fur cap, fur gloves, and may wear fur overcoat at entrance.

QUERY. Dressed in heavy overcoat (fur if possible) in both acts, with fur cap and gloves.

HENCOOP. Act I. Wears small college cap and sweater and very large gloves. Dark trousers. Very large rubber shoes. Act II. Close-fitting suit covered all over with white cotton. Large gloves.

CAPTAIN HEAVE. Act I. Blue uniform and cap with gold braid. Act II. The same, with fur cap (or cotton around cap worn in Act I) and fur (or very large) gloves. Muffler around neck.

GIBSON. Same as Captain, but no gold on uniform.

SAILOR. Sailor suit, trimmed with fur (cotton) in Act II.

MRS. SPANKER. Act I. Large hat, dark glasses, dark dress, with words "Votes for Women" sewed in white tape on the back so as to be easily read when she turns her back to the audience. Carries old umbrella with same words painted on it in large letters, to be read as she raises it and turns it slowly. Act II. Hat tied on with automobile veil, wears automobile goggles. Light dress, covered with light automobile duster, trimmed with fur (cotton) around bottom of skirt.

EUGENIE. Act I. Maid's costume of black, with wide white collar, ruffled apron, and little bonnet. Act II. Light dress, but wears furs. Carries muff, and a parasol.

MRS. WEISSENPIMPFLE. Act I. Handsome outdoor dress, and carries parasol. Act II. Low-necked light dress and light evening hat, but carries muff, and wears furs around shoulders.

# PROPERTIES

## ACT I

Whistles and glass crash behind scenes. Cigarette, notebook, pencil, four newspapers for BUSTER. Five hand-boxes, rain-coat, umbrella, parasol for EUGENIE. Three suit-cases, two hand-satchels, fur coat for GIBSON. Small trunk and large box for SAILOR. Lorgnette for MRS. WEISSENPIMPFLE. Old umbrella, painted with words "Votes for Women" (see under costumes), placards, and badges, bearing same words, for MRS. SPANKER. Flag with three balls painted on it for CAPTAIN. Rope for WEISSENPIMPFLE. Valise, containing large book and three toy dogs, on wheels, for HENCOOP.

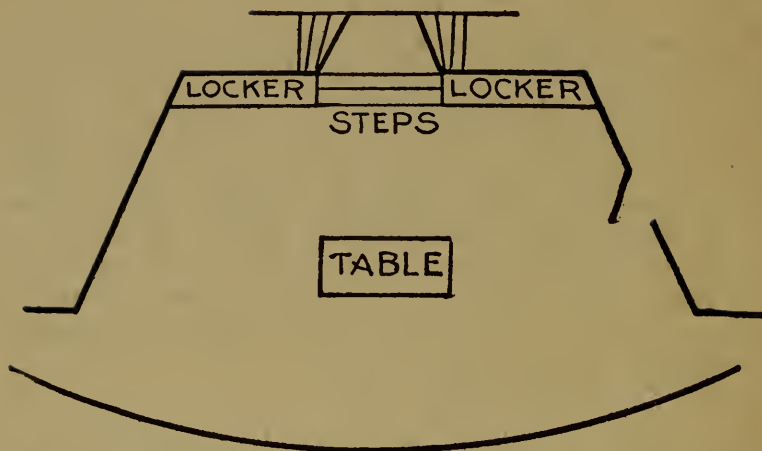
## ACT II

North Pole, a column or pyramid of graceful shape, painted white and standing on (but not fastened to) a pedestal large enough to conceal a man. Pedestal may be a box, or a framework covered with cloth or paper. A hole about six or eight inches wide in top of pedestal is covered by the Pole. On front of pedestal is sign "Marked down. Now \$1.98." Platform a few inches high and about two feet by one foot on ground in front of pedestal. Rocks and ice, real or imitation, surround pedestal and platform. American flag covers Pole, until raised by string, according to stage directions. A white board one foot wide and five feet high is roughly marked off like a thermometer. A strip of black cloth or paper two inches wide represents the "mercury," and moves up and down (pulled by strings), according to stage directions. The mercury should always go up with a squeak or whistle, and down with a loud noise. A toy dog on wheels is set in entrance R. 1, with string leading to Pole. When string is pulled dog moves on to stage, stops, and then goes on to Pole, according to directions.

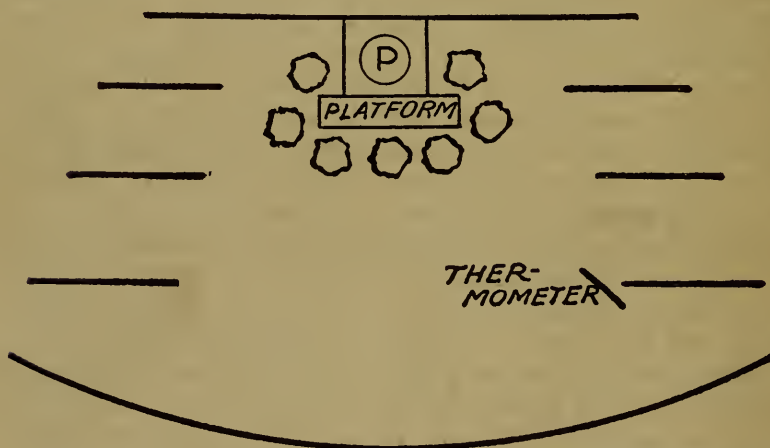
About two dozen small pasteboard boxes (half-pound candy boxes will serve), gilded outside all over, should be inside of pedestal, ready to be thrown out through hole in top by man concealed there, or behind drop.

Horns, whistles, and bells, to be heard off. Palm-leaf fan for OLMSTEIN. Penny, opera-glass, and draftsman's wooden triangle, Salvation Army cap for QUERY. Toy dog for HENCOOP. Camera, sheets of paper, pencil for BUSTER. Large bottle, Salvation Army bonnet, tambourine for MRS SPANKER. Bass drum and Salvation Army cap for CAPTAIN HEAVE.

## SCENE PLOTS



ACT I.—Cabin of Weissenpimpfle's yacht. Up c., wide entrance, or "companionway"; two steps to landing and steps from landing R. and L. Lockers (long seats) against back R. and L. of centre entrance. Door (to stateroom L. 2). Entrances R. 1 and L. 1. Table c., with hanging lamp over it if possible.



ACT II.—North Pole. Almost any simple landscape drop will serve. One with ice, rocks, etc., will be most effective. Wings show rocks and ice also. Pole, up c., a column on a square base or pedestal. A small platform in front of pedestal. Platform and pedestal surrounded by rocks (real or set), which are partly covered with snow (cotton), etc. Snow on pole and pedestal, wings, etc. Flag covers pole at rise. Thermometer down L.,

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## ACT I

SCENE.—*Cabin of WEISSENPIMPFLE'S steam yacht, "Abraham II."* Yacht whistle blows three times before curtain goes up. As curtain rises boatswain's whistle heard off. CAPTAIN HEAVE heard off.

CAPTAIN. Hi, there! Easy with those jars of milk. There you go! (*Sound of breaking glass behind scene.*) Well, what do you think this is? Think you're Anna Held, and have to take a bath in it? Hi, there, Mr. Gibson, put that man to loading sweet potatoes or something else that doesn't splash when it breaks.

(*Enter CAPTAIN, R. I. Enter BUSTER WARREN, C.*)

BUSTER (*lighting a cigarette*). Hello, Captain, you seem to be peeved.

CAPTAIN. Humph! Who are you? If you want a job as stevedore, go see Mr. Gibson.

BUSTER. Oh, don't worry about entertaining me. I'm a newspaper reporter.

CAPTAIN (*calling off*). Say, Mr. Gibson, send somebody back there to lock up the spoons.

BUSTER. Never mind about that; I'll leave them to you.

CAPTAIN. This ain't no excursion steamer; it's a private yacht.

BUSTER. Mr. Weissenpimpfle's?

CAPTAIN. He doesn't allow strangers aboard.

BUSTER. Where did you say he was cruising to?

CAPTAIN. He is going out Fifth Avenue as far as the Metropolitan Museum.

BUSTER. You don't tell me! Oh, are they going to exhibit you up there, Old Salt?

CAPTAIN. No, they are not. (*Commotion off stage,*



*shouts, boatswain's whistle.*) There comes Mrs. Weissenpimpfle. You'd better beat it while the wind's with you.

BUSTER. Oh, no. I used to know her when she was in the pony ballet at Hammerstein's. Ah there, peaches.

*(Enter EUGENIE, C., with five handboxes, rain-coat, umbrella and parasol, followed by OLSEN GIBSON with three suit-cases, two hand-satchels and fur coat, followed by SAILOR with small steamer trunk.)*

CAPTAIN. Say, there, you lump of scrambled egg-plant, how many more of them trunks is there?

SAILOR *(touching hat)*. Only seventeen, sir.

CAPTAIN. Well, you take that back and put it all forward with the freight. This cabin is no storeroom.

*(Exit SAILOR, R. 1, with trunk, and GIBSON, R. 1.)*

*(Enter MRS. WEISSENPIMPFLE, C.)*

MRS. W. I wonder what detains him. *(Looks off R. 1. Meantime EUGENIE has put down her various bundles, and seated herself on the dress-suit cases. BUSTER produces a fan from his pocket, and sitting alongside, begins to fan her. MRS. W., down R.)* Captain, I am thinking of introducing some improvements on the yacht. We're going to have a marble tile floor on the deck, a silver hand-rail, mahogany masts, a solid gold wainscot in the dining-room, and all the crew in silk hats and plush trousers. Why, Mrs. Wonderbilt spent three millions on her yacht, and we have only spent one. *(Sees BUSTER and EUGENIE. EUGENIE jumps to her feet.)* Eugenie, take those five hat boxes, and three suit-cases, to my stateroom at once. *(Exit EUGENIE, L. 2, taking as many hat boxes, etc., as possible, dropping them, and falling over them at intervals. MRS. W. puts up lorgnette.)* Who is this person? Some low-brow individual, no doubt.

CAPTAIN. Yes, madam. He's a newspaper man.

*(Exit CAPTAIN, L. 1.)*

MRS. W. Oh, indeed! *(To BUSTER.)* No, I have nothing to say. I have not made any social plans. We are going to Narragansett for a month or so, where our friends the Wonderbilts and Gilds are.

BUSTER. I wanted to speak to Mr. Weissenpimpfle.

MRS. W. There is no use waiting, then. Mr. Weissenpimpfle does not speak for publication. I never allow him to have his name in the paper.

BUSTER. You don't seem to realize that he is a famous architect.

MRS. W. My dear young man, only a successful architect. He married a rich woman. That is the principle of success in his profession.

BUSTER. Was he poor before he married you?

MRS. W. The day before he married me he paid fifteen cents for his lunch. Now I could let him pay fifteen dollars, but I don't. (*Enter SAILOR, R. 1, with dance step.*) Why do you dance that way?

SAILOR (*touching hat*). I'm a comic opera sailor, madam. I get two dollars more a week for dancing.

MRS. W. I will give you two dollars to stop it.

SAILOR (*touching hat*). Thank you, miss. Mrs. Spanker has come aboard.

MRS. W. Bring her right down to my cabin. (*SAILOR touches hat and exits C.*) Mr. Reporter, say that Mrs. Weissenpimpfle when interviewed had on a black satin de soie gown, trimmed with organdie blue old lace, and wore diamond earrings with shoes and stockings to match.

(*Exit MRS. W., L. 2.*)

*Enter SAILOR with MRS. SPANKER, C.)*

SAILOR. This way, madam. (*Motions toward L. 2.*)

(*Exit SAILOR, C.*)

BUSTER. Pardon me, I am J. J. Warren, official representative of the New York "Vacuum." Are you not the famous Mrs. Spanker of England, the world-renowned exponent of Woman's Suffrage?

MRS. S. I have the pleasure.

(*She raises her umbrella, turns it slowly, and then furls it; it bears "Votes for Women" painted in large letters.*)

BUSTER. Will you grant me a few words? What do you think of America?

MRS. S. I think the American women have more brains and judgment than any other women in the world.

(*Walks up c., showing her back, which has "Votes for Women" on it.*)

BUSTER (*writing in a book*). Then you don't expect the suffragette movement to amount to much in this country?

MRS. S. (*coming down*). I'm going to make it amount to something. I'm a smasher, I am. I've been in jail time and time again.

(*Pins a large "Votes for Women" placard on wall.*)

BUSTER. Don't mention it, madam. So have I.

MRS. S. I have fought with the police.

(*Pins large badge on BUSTER.*)

BUSTER. I know. And don't you feel like a fool the next morning waking up in a cell in your dress suit?

MRS. S. But I've advanced the cause. I fear nothing, because I'm always a lady. When I throw bricks at the police, I am never afraid, for my natural refinement sweeps everything before it. Are you taking this down?

BUSTER. Yes.

MRS. S. When I go into a public place and screech to be heard, it is my beautiful manners that make the multitude stand spellbound before my eloquence. I could strangle a Prime Minister and never lose my self-repose for an instant. (*Gestures violently toward BUSTER.*)

BUSTER (*nervously*). Thank you. I—I'm quite sure of it.

(*Whistle blows, great commotion off stage, shouting, etc.*)

(*Enter CAPTAIN and SAILOR, c.*)

CAPTAIN (*going to locker and taking out flag, with three balls on it*). Run up the owner's flag!

(*Hands flag to SAILOR.*)

SAILOR. Yi, yi, sir.

(*Takes flag and exits c., with quick dance step.*)

BUSTER. What's all this commotion?

CAPTAIN. Mr. Weissenpimpfle and Mr. Olmstein are coming aboard,



MRS. S. They must not see me.

*(Exit, L. 2.)*

BUSTER *(standing at entrance C., and looking up)*. Great Scott! What are they doing with that derrick up there?

CAPTAIN. Oh, just bringing Mr. Weissenpimpfle aboard. He's a big man!

*(Shouting heard off; blowing boatswain's whistle.)*

VOICE *(off)*. All right below there?

CAPTAIN. Lower away!

*(Whistle heard off. WEISSENPIMPFLE appears C., lowered by rope which is fastened around him. OLMSTEIN also appears C., walking. As soon as WEIS.'s feet touch the ground he is drawn up again, wildly gesticulating and kicking.\*)*

WEIS. Hey, what do you think I am? An organ-grinder-monkey—is it?

*(He is let down again.)*

OLM. Here, Weissen. Let me unharness you.

*(Takes off rope, which is pulled up.)*

CAPTAIN *(calling off)*. All right.

*(Exit L. 1, CAPTAIN and BUSTER.)*

WEIS. *(pulling down waistcoat and straightening clothing generally. He puffs and pants, but smiles cheerfully.)* Say, Olmy, ain't that a great scheme, that elevator? It makes me feel like a steerable balloon already!

*(Takes several dance steps.)*

OLM. Take it easy, Weissen, take it easy. You ain't so thin as you was once.

WEIS. Never mind your business about it, Olmy. I would rather be nice and stout and comfortable already,

\* If it is inconvenient to lower Weissenpimpfle, he may come down stairs from L., and enter C. door with rope around him, Olmstein coming at same time down stairs, R., and enter C. Weissenpimpfle may be pulled back by rope, then reënter,

than wear it one of them twenty-story frock coats and a skyscraper high hat. My gracious, Olmstein, since you begin to get rich you look like a floorwalker.

OLM. Vell, thank goodness, I can wear it what I please. I didn't marry any rich lady, to be ordered around like you are. Why, if Mrs. Weissenpimpfle saw you —

WEIS. Shh! (*Catches OLM.'s arm, and looks around fearfully.*) Shh! Olmy. She might hear you. Say, Olmy, you recollection those philopena what we et to see who gets the lady?

OLM. Yes. I lost, and you took the lady and sixty per cent. of the gate receipts.

WEIS. That's right. And you got it forty per cent. You got the most, Olmy. You got more as me.

OLM. Why, no. How is that?

WEIS. You didn't have to take the lady. Oh, well! Ah! (*They both sigh, very loud and long.*) Olmy, I'm goin' into society.

OLM. Oh, pinch yourself, Weissen. Listen to the alarm clock. Wake up!

WEIS. It's right. Now, Mrs. Weissen, she says to me one night, she says, "Hector —"

OLM. Hector? Oh, excuse me—Hector!

WEIS. Vell, vat you laughing at? She says Isadore ain't a swell name no more, so she calls me "Hector." We're goin' to spell our last name different, too.

OLM. What you goin' to call it?

WEIS. Vell, Mrs. Weissenpimpfle likes the W all right, but she don't like the rest of the name. Maybe we keep the W and get somethings nice and tony to go mit it. Well, Mrs. Weissenpimpfle, she says to me, "Hector, we got to break through the crust." That means we got to slip in mit the smooth ones.

OLM. Vat! You break into society?

WEIS. Sure! Me and Mrs. Weissenpimpfle goes up in an oitermobile already, and I meet Percy Belmont, and sells him some stock, ain't it, for our new Self-laying Brick? That's the only pleasures I got out of it.

OLM. Why don't you sell it some other people?

WEIS. My wife says that ain't the way to society, and she flagged it. Olmstein, I got to make some moneys. I got to be independent of this woman.

OLM. How can you do it?

WEIS. I dunno.

(*Enter SAILOR, dancing, with box, c.*)

OLM. What is that?

WEIS. That is a quarter of a ton of candy I bought for Mrs. Weissenpimpfle, already.

(*Exit SAILOR, c. Commotion off stage.*)

(*Enter COMMANDER QUERY and DOORMAT HENCOOP, R. 1. HENCOOP carries valise. QUERY rushes excitedly to centre of stage.*)

QUERY. I want to see Mr. Olmstein and Mr. Weissenpimpfle.

OLM. Vell, here we are. There ain't no charge. Look us over.

QUERY. I know all about you, both of you. You can't fool me.

OLM. Sure you do. I'm the head-liner in Who's Jews in America.

WEIS. And I'm the originator of the President Taft physique.

QUERY. Gentlemen, I am Mr. Query, of the navy.

WEIS. Yes, I have heard of the navy.

QUERY. I discovered the North Pole.

OLM. Never heard of you. But it has been discovered so often already it's hard to remember the names of the writers who did it. A feller named Hook seemed to be the most important.

QUERY. Hook, Hook! That little outing-flannel four flusher? Why, I could grow pineapples at the place he calls the North Pole. He didn't get far enough north to take off his straw hat. Don't you suppose I know? Didn't I invent the North Pole? Wasn't I the man who copy-righted the idea of the five hundred thousand dollar expedition? I, Query, the Polar Star, the Hero of the North, the Frosted Gingerbread, the Lemon Ice-Cream Soda? Gentlemen, it brings tears to my eyes when I think what I have done, trudging day by day through the ultramarine snow with the green sun shining on a limitless expanse of ice stretching like molten gold on every side. I, Query, the invincible! the peerless! the Arctic god!

OLM. Oh, yes; wasn't you the feller that drove nails in the American flag, yes?

QUERY. I spent seventeen days with the thermometer three hundred and twenty degrees below zero.

HENCOOP. Now, Cap'n, I reckon you'll spile the sale ob dat book. Gen'l'men, all the beautiful verbosity which Mr. Query has been elocutin' fo' yo' delectation can be found on page fo' twenty-fo' ob dat charming and instructive volume entitled "Query's Dope," or "How I Discovered the North Pole." Dis book (*takes book from valise*) may be purchased at any or all booksellers for five dollars a copy, or fifty-five dollars a dozen. Commander Query's autograph and portrait in color in every copy; also a portrait of Mr. Doormat Hencoop.—Dat's me. (Kindly remain seated, and avoid cheering.) Dis portrait is also colored. Order now, gen'l'men, as de fust edition is limited to five hundred thousand copies.

WEIS. (*calling out*). Captain, come throw these two book agents off.

QUERY. No you don't, Mr. Weissenpimple. You can't get rid of me so soon. I am fully informed of your piratical intention. You are going on an uncopyrighted cruise to the North Pole,—my pole, that I labored three hundred years to discover. You dare to start an expedition north, and I'll see the boat does not leave Sandy Hook.

OLM. We'll leave the hook. They will need it for you.

QUERY. You acknowledge to my face that you are going?

WEIS. No, we ain't children. We got business to attend to.

HENCOOP (*examining box of candy*). Look a yere, Cap'n.

QUERY (*going to box*). Confectionery! Gum drops! I've proved it! You are going! You are going to the Pole!

OLM. Cut it; everybody that needs a shave ain't hunting a pole.

WEIS. Search the ship if you want to. (*Calls off.*) Captain! (*Enter CAPTAIN, L.*) Show these gentlemen over the ship, and let them discover signs of a polar expedition, if they can.

QUERY. Discover! Ah, that's the word that was invented for Query!

CAPTAIN (*going toward L.*). This way.

QUERY. Stand aside. I want all the glory myself. Hencoop, have you the dogs?

HENCOOP. Yassir.

(*Takes three toy dogs on wheels from valise. They have strings on them. Hands one string to CAPTAIN, one to QUERY, and keeps one.*)

QUERY. Captain, to you belongs the honor of being the first Supporting Party. Follow me at a respectful distance so as not to fall over anything I am able to discover before I see it.

(*Exit QUERY, L., dragging dog. Exit a moment later, CAPTAIN, L., dragging dog.*)

HENCOOP (*shouting*). Forward, the second Suppo'ting Pahty. This yere discovery will not be legal 'less it's in black and white.

(*Exit HENCOOP, L., with dog.*)

OLM. Listen here, Weissen. The greatest drawbacks to Query's story is that he took that darkey with him. You know it no nigger could stand that much cold—what?

WEIS. Olmstein, I have an idea.

OLM. Rub your ear, and it will go away. I had one once.

WEIS. Olmstein, let's go to the North Pole.

OLM. Weissen, are you crazy? You think I got time to stand on the top of the Singer Building and shout, "Liar, liar, I have been to the North Pole"? There ain't nodding to it.

WEIS. But, Olmy, there is money in it.

OLM. Oh, money? Money? Maybe I didn't hear it vot you said at first.

WEIS. Now, Olmy, listen to me, and get it through your wooden head. Query and Hook didn't ever discover the North Pole, verstehen sie. 'Cause why? 'Cause they would have discovered something more wonderful and enhancing than they did. Ven Abraham and Isaac and the Angel Gabriel and Roosevelt designed the earth, do you suppose they made the very top just like the rest? Never! Not on your tintype, Olmy. They put something fine and magnanimous



up there, and surrounded it mit ice and snow and cold, so that nobody couldn't get it already; and, Olmy, we are going to get it.

OLM. Vot is it? A gold mine?

WEIS. Now, Olmstein, I have a theory. You have a recollections in your head of reading in the History of the United States all about the Garden of Eden which Adam and Eve got thrown out of for poking the schnakes mit their umbrellas. Now, what became of the Garden of Eden? Did you ever see it? No. For why? Because, Olmy, it's at the North Pole.

OLM. You're sick, Weissen. You got Thaw trouble. It's a brainstorm you got.

WEIS. All what I say is true.

OLM. Vy, you old pudding, it's too cold up there. You haven't had any experience with cold—except in an apartment house. But I tell you, Olmy, it is even colder than that already.

WEIS. That is where you are wrong. Sign-atists say that at the North Pole the only kind of wind that blows is the South Wind. Now listen. You have the South Wind blowing from every direction at once, and vot happens? They all meet with a crash at the top, and so much heat is generated that it is only possible for the sun to shine half the year, or else all the vegetation would be burned up, ain't it?

OLM. Weissenpimpfle, you're a genius. Ain't it queer, now, I never thought of that.

WEIS. Oh, it is nutting. It is a mere truffle.

OLM. Come to think of it, I think I remember reading about people that live there, Weissenpimpfle. They have a queen named "Roaring Boring Alice," ain't it?

WEIS. Sure, I've heard of her.

OLM. And it is a land flowing with milk and money, and all the day long they do nothing but play a game called North Polo, which consists in burying a brass tube in the ice, and telegraphing to your friends that you have did it. If they believe you, you win.

WEIS. That is an expensitive game. No?

OLM. Yes, it takes a lot of brass to play it.

WEIS. Now, Olmy, that is what we will do. We will go up there and discover the North Pole.

OLM. How are we going to do it?

*(They move up toward the Pole, examining the ground minutely.)*

*(Enter QUERY, R. I, dragging dog. Thermometer drops suddenly to one hundred below zero, with noise.)*

QUERY. What are you doing?

OLM. Oh, nutting. *(Turns up coat collar.)* It's a cold day for somebody, ain't it, Weissen?

QUERY. I saw you examining the snow.

WEIS. Oh, Olmy lost a car ticket.

QUERY. Expect me to believe that? *(Searches round on ground. Picks up penny.)* Ah! a Lincoln penny; I'm on the scent. I'll take a sextant observation.

*(Takes opera-glass and draftsman's triangle, puts them together like a sextant, and begins to make observations.)*

OLM. Say, there, young fellow, that's the moon you're looking at.

QUERY. It is not. I've been in this part of the world long enough to know the sun when I see it.

WEIS. What is your reading? What latitude do you make out we are in?

QUERY. Thirty-three degrees, seventeen minutes. Only fifty-seven degrees more to go, and then I shall be at the Pole.

*(Takes up instruments, and exit L., dragging dog.)*

WEIS. I think he made a mistake.

OLM. Sure. Nearly all these Arctic explorers does. Now, Weissen, on to the Pole!

*(They start again for the Pole, examining the ground as they go.)*

*(Enter HENCOOP, R., following toy dog, which is pulled in by string running to base of Pole.)*

HENCOOP. Lawdy. You gemmen think you got inside information?

OLM. Oh, no, we are just looking for arbutus.

HENCOOP. Well, I jes' tell you, I sure got the real thing now. I'se got a dog here. He is a coon dawg. Cap'n and I never seen no coon that could put him off the scent.

Now, I jes' seen him a-smellin' round yere this mornin', an' I says, "I jes' nachually believe that canine has osculated the North Pole." So I lets him go first, an' I precedes him, an' he lands right here.

WEIS. The Pole ain't anywhere near here, young feller.

OLM. Oh, no. I think if you'll look over there in that peach orchard, you may find it.

HENCOOP. I'se gwine to foller that dawg.

WEIS. }  
OLM. } Let's all follow him.

*(Dog on string moves toward Pole. All follow. Dog stops at Pole.)*

WEIS. Gentlemen, the North Pole.

*(Mercury rises above zero. Flag lifted from Pole by string, lights out, spotlight on Pole. Tableau. Lights on again.)*

*(Enter BUSTER, L., with camera.)*

BUSTER. Hold that till I get your picture. Look pleasant, please. Thanks. Here I go to telegraph the great extra, "North Pole Again Discovered!"

*(Exit BUSTER, L.)*

OLM. Hencoop, did you ever see that before?

HENCOOP. No, sah. I'se suttinly supprised. I allus supposed a Pole was a kind of dago.

WEIS. But, Olmy, vat I don't understand is, why was the American flag there, if we are the first persons to discover the Pole?

OLM. Oh, that's just a little device of the stage manager to make a hit with the audience.

*(Enter QUERY, L.)*

WEIS. Hi, Query. Here's the North Pole. *(QUERY looks up dazed.)* Come and feel it. We don't mind, so long as you don't deface it.

QUERY. That isnt the North Pole.

WEIS. It isn't? What do you think it is? A fire plug?

QUERY. Prove it's the Pole.

OLM. Lend me your instruments. *(Takes triangle from QUERY.)* Ain't you learned it at school that the Pole is at latitude ninety degrees?



QUERY. Yes.

OLM. And you know this angle is ninety degrees?

QUERY. Yes.

OLM. Then observe. (*Puts angle on floor against Pole.*)  
Just fits. That proves that they are both ninety degrees.

(*QUERY staggers back into HENCOOP'S arms. Mercury in thermometer falls with loud noise to 100 degrees below zero.*)

QUERY. Curse you! I'll be even with you! I'll discover the South Pole! I'll discover the Equator! I'll discover ———.\* I'll discover so much the world will forget there ever were such persons as Olmstein and Weissenpimfle.

(*Exit QUERY, L.*)

(*Enter CAPTAIN, R.*)

CAPTAIN. We have discovered Hook's tube.

OLM.            }  
HENCOOP. } Good!

WEIS. Vat is it? Tooth-paste, or vaseline?

(*Enter GIBSON, L.*)

GIBSON. We have discovered Query's flag.

OLM. Now we have all the data. We can prove everything.

WEIS. Now, I proposition we call this spot ———.\*

OLM. That suits me.

CAPTAIN. If that's ———,\* I propose we call the place where Hook's tube was found ———.\*

OLM. That's a good one, because it was so far away. What a joke on poor old Hook.

WEIS. And what would you suggest calling the place where Query's flag was found?

CAPTAIN. Why, under the circumstances, Old Point Comfort.

OLM. (*to CAPTAIN*). Tell the others. (*Exit R., all but OL.M. and WEIS.*) Now, Weissen, ain't you the A number one polar explorer? Where is your Garden of Eden? How are we going to get rich out of what is here? Are we going

\* Local names to be used here.

to form the Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle Ice Company? Or are you thinking of building a Luna Park, and having a scenic railway on the ice, already?

WEIS. Think of the honor, Olmstein. Think of having your name embusted in the pages of history.

OLM. I'd rather have it in the stock pages of the Standard Oil.

*(Commotion off stage, shouts, blowing of horns.)*

*(Enter every one but QUERY, R.)*

ALL. Hurrah for Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle!

*(Mercury in thermometer rises to 100 above zero. OLM. and WEIS. stand together before the Pole, a little above the others. Each raises his right hand as though asking for silence. Then they speak together, with precisely same gestures and tones.)*

OLM. } Ladies and dear sirs: Yours of even date received  
WEIS. } and contents noted. We take pleasure in excommunicating mit you that we have to-day uncovered the only North Pole now in captivity. Choice lots are now on sale. Plans for summer cottages and hotels at reasonable rates. Buy now and your children will bless you. Location yourselves in Borealis Park, the only really cool summer resort. No mosquitoes. Address only Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle, architects, North Pole, United States. Hoping you are the same, we remain, yours truly.

OLM. *(pointing to himself)*. Olmstein.

WEIS. *(pointing to himself)*. And Weissenpimpfle.

*(OLM. steps down.)*

ALL. Hurrah for Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle. Speech!

*(WEIS. quells tumult with upraised hand.)*

WEIS. Ladies and gentlemen, this is the proudest moment of my life. My colleague and beloved confederate, Mr. Olmstein and myself are the first people to witness the North Pole. Hundreds have tried before, but I recall that old proverb,—“Many are cold, but few are frozen.” Mr. Olmstein and myself beg to thank you for what we modestly describe as the greatest event in the world's history. *(All*

WEIS. Follow the South Wind, you ignorance. Don't I tell you the wind at the North Pole blows from the south because there ain't no other place for it to blow from? So you just wait a while for a south wind, go along with it until it stops, and there you are.

OLM. Fine! Just as easy!

WEIS. And we will be the only architects in the place. We will nail our sign to the Pole, and be appointed a Building Commission to erect the State Capitol already.

OLM. And furnish it?

WEIS. And furnish it. I speak for the newspaper skin-dicate rights, Olmy.

OLM. All right. I will take the moving picture concession—what? Oh, Father Abraham! Weissenpimpfle, we are millionaires!

(Enter BUSTER, L. I.)

BUSTER. Mr. Olmstein?

OLM. That's me.

BUSTER. Are you gentlemen grafters?

OLM. } No, we are architects.  
WEIS. }

BUSTER. Same thing.

OLM. } (*speaking together with same gestures*). Now  
WEIS. } listen to me, young man, we are scruperlious architects. We don't bribe politicians—that is, some politicians. We do the very best work in the country—and the very best people. About our reputations there is not the shadow of a doubt. We only wish there vas. We challenge the world to deny it this fiction.

BUSTER. Say no more, gentlemen. You have vindicated yourselves.

OLM. In return for your confidence in us, we wish to make you Special Correspondent on our expedition to the North Pole, which starts at once.

BUSTER. Say, I'm on the job. You just watch me.

(Exit, running, C.)

(Enter HENCOOP, L. I.)

HENCOOP. I heard what you said, boss.

OLM. Why, here is the ace of spades.

HENCOOP. I heard what you said about going to the North Pole. Now, lemme tell you, gen'lemen, you are never goin' to find the North Pole. I know more about the Arctic Seas than any other man.

OLM. }  
WEIS. } More than Query?

HENCOOP. Query? Huh! Why I put him in a thermos bottle, and dragged him the last hundred miles, and then I took him out, and say, "Here is de Pole, Boss," and he say, "That so," and he come down here and swar to all dem geololosiful socities dat he had seen de Pole. And lawzee, I did laff, 'cause we didn't get to de Pole nohow.

WEIS. What did I tell it to you, Olmy?

HENCOOP. But, Mr. Omelet, you ain't goin' to get to de Pole. 'Cause why? It's too cold. It's so cold that your tongue would freeze to the top of your mouth.

OLM. That didn't seem to prevent Query from talking when he got back.

HENCOOP. No, sir, that's very true, but then Boss Query is a very wonderful man. He can talk back worse than a prize-fighter. When some one says something to Boss Query, he just up and call him a liar quick enough to take your bref away. Boss Query is a great explorer.

WEIS. Hencoop, me and Mr. Olmstein knows it where is the North Pole, and we're going to it.

HENCOOP. Right to de Pole?

OLM. }  
WEIS. } Right to the Pole.

HENCOOP. Have you got your steam-lined shoes, and your Dr. Jaeger's triple extract of wool vests, and your radiation proof down-draft trousers, and your Stetson Arctic Special brown derby hat?

OLM. }  
WEIS. } We have sent for them.

HENCOOP. Then I, the great Hencoop (don't cheer) will go with you.

WEIS. All right, to get to the Pole we need it a good cook.

(*Enter* MRS. S., MRS. W., and EUGENIE, L. 2.)

MRS. W. Gentlemen, this is Mrs. Spanker.

WEIS. What?

MRS. W. Spankher.

WEIS. Oh, all right. That's what most of these suffragettes needs. (*Goes toward Mrs. S.*)

MRS. W. Hector!

WEIS. Huuh?

MRS. W. What are you doing?

WEIS. I haven't started yet.

MRS. W. Well, don't. Mrs. Spanker is going with us to Narragansett, where we are going to have a meeting on this yacht to forward the interest of "Votes for Women." Three thousand invitations shall be sent out to all the women in high society.

MRS. S. This is indeed a triumph. How many years have I longed for this recognition by society. Now at last I see my dream coming true. Women will go to the polls.

(*Pins badges on all the men with words "Votes for Women" in large letters.*)

OLM. Not to the polls,—the Pole—the North Pole.

(*Takes off his badge and pins it on HENCOOP.*)

EVERYBODY. What!

WEIS. That's right! We are going to the North Pole.

(*Pins his badge on HENCOOP.*)

MRS. W. But my dear! I really don't see how I can spare the time to go. And I haven't a thing to wear—not a thing.

WEIS. (*cheerfully*). Oh, well. Maybe you better not go. I guess I find an Esquimaux lady to darn my socks, ain't it? Good-bye, Helen Augusta. (*Shakes her hand.*) Take care of yourself. We'll bring the Pole back for you, won't we, Olmy?

MRS. W. No, on second thoughts I shall give the first bridge party ever held within the Arctic circle. I'm going with you.

WEIS. (*dismally*). All right, Helen Augusta. (*Calls off.*) Captain! (*Enter CAPTAIN, L. 1.*) Captain, cast off; we are going to the Pole.

(*Enter QUERY, L. 1.*)

QUERY. The Pole? You're going to the Pole! Four Flusher! Poacher! You're handing the public a gold



brick. You can't get to the Pole. It is mine! I want to discover it alone. I am going to take Dockstader's Minstrels with me, and be the only white man to reach the Pole. If you go to Greenland in this ship, I'll tell the Dreary Arctic Club, and they won't believe a word you say.

WEIS. Put him out.

*(Enter BUSTER, C., running.)*

BUSTER *(giving newspaper to WEIS.)*. Here it is.

*(Exit, C.)*

WEIS. *(reading)*. The New York "Vacuum." Two-thirty extra. "Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle start for the North Pole." Hi! Olmy, we're famous already.

*(Reënter BUSTER, C., with another paper, which he gives to OLM. and exit.)*

OLM. *(reading)*. Two thirty-five extra. "Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle buffet the Arctic seas."

*(Reënter BUSTER, with third paper.)*

BUSTER. Sporting edition. Final scores of all the games!

*(Gives paper to WEIS. and rushes out C.)*

WEIS. *(reading)*. Two-forty extra. "Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle pass the eighty-seventh parallel. Thermometer three hundred and twenty degrees below zero. Cold wave predicted."

OLM. Look here, we got to start. These extras is beating us to a frazzle. Captain, full speed ahead.

CAPTAIN *(calling off C.)*. Full speed ahead.

*(Commotion and noise off stage. Bells and whistles.)*

*(Reënter BUSTER, with newspaper.)*

BUSTER. Extra! Extra!

OLM. Take that away. It may say we've discovered the Pole. And we want all the glory ourselves.

WEIS. And all the money, Olmy. Don't forget the money!

*(Loud whistle heard off.)*

OLM. We're off! We're off! Good-bye, everybody!

*(Waves his hand to audience.)*

WEIS. We're off, already—to the North Pole! Good-bye, everybody. So long. Vell, take care of yourselves. *(Takes out and waves enormous bandanna, leaning forward and waving to R. and then gradually more and more to L.)* Good-bye, folks, good-bye!

*(All lean forward and wave handkerchiefs, etc., first toward R., then gradually more and more toward L., as though from a moving boat to friends on the pier.)*

ALL. Good-bye! To the North Pole! We're off! Good-bye!

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE.—*At the North Pole. Almost any simple outdoor drop will serve, though one showing ice-fields will be most effective. Icebergs and snow up R. and L. Wings also show ice and rocks. In any case the Pole should be up C. (against drop if desired), its base surrounded by cakes of real or imitation ice, snow (cotton), etc. The Pole may be a column of graceful shape, painted white. On the front of the base is a large sign "Marked down. Now \$1.98." A string through pulley at base of Pole to pull on dog, as directed. At rise, Pole draped with American flag, which is arranged to be lifted when directed. Down L. is card or board five feet high, one foot wide, painted white and marked like a thermometer (see Properties).*

(OLM. and WEIS. discovered, R.)

WEIS. Now, Olmy, we are somewhere near the Pole. That idea of yours to come up here in taxicabs was a good one. The idea of making a long journey in sleds pulled by dogs in this age of modern improvements is ridiculous. What?

OLM. Weissenpimpfle, that's true. And how simple it was to bring along one of those machines for melting asphalt on the streets, and using it to melt the ice.

WEIS. Just as easy.

OLM. Did you notice how warm it is?

WEIS. Vy, yes. (*Looks at big thermometer. Mercury stands at thirty below zero.*) Why, it's only thirty degrees below. It was a hundred yesterday.

OLM. (*taking out palm leaf fan*). My, how warm!

WEIS. My, how I hate August! I don't mind the heat so much. It's these sudden changes.

(*Mercury shoots up to ten above zero.*)

OLM. I think it's the South Wind.

WEIS. (*wetting finger, and holding it up*). Olmy, it is. We are on the right track. If we follow the South Wind we discover the North Pole, yes.



*cheer.*) My children will say, "Fadder did that." My grandchildren will say, "Grandfadder did that." My great-grandchildren will say, "Great-grand —"

OLM. Weissen, put in a stop order for that.

WEIS. My great-grandchildren will say —

*(They pull him down.)*

OLM. Now what kind of a speech is that? Don't you know better than to talk like that? "My fadder did that?" "My grandfadder did that?" Why, people will think you are crazy. If you can't do better than that, you can't write our book, "The Frozen North," or "How We Copped the Ninetieth Parallel."

MRS. W. Oh, dear, oh, dear, let's not quarrel over it. Lovely weather we're having, isn't it? But so frightfully warm!

MRS. S. Oh, it isn't the heat I mind so much. It's the humidity. Forward to the polls!

*(Rushes to Pole, and pins on it placard reading "Votes for Women.")*

BUSTER. As a special correspondent to the New York "Vacuum," I claim all rights to the preliminary story.

• WEIS. All right, you can write it, and sign it, "Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle, the Arctic Architects."

OLM. Come on out, people. It is on us. Ve vill treat everybody. Expense is no object. Ve vill all go and get an ice-cream cone.

*(Exit all but BUSTER. OLM. and WEIS. exeunt R. All others L.)*

BUSTER. Well, I have it all written. This certainly will make a noise on Broadway. *(Enter EUGENIE, L.)* Well little Bright Eyes, what do you want?

EUGENIE. I forgot something.

BUSTER. Well, find it quick, and evaporate. I'm very busy.

EUGENIE. I didn't lose anything. I forgot to tell you my name.

BUSTER. I can guess it right away. It's Claribel. Now run away.

EUGENIE. No, it isn't Claribel, it's Eugenie. *(BUSTER*

goes on reading his story, making occasional corrections with a pencil.) But you are not listening. (BUSTER keeps on reading. EUGENIE stands behind him and pulls out hairs from his fur cap one by one.) He loves me, he loves me not.

BUSTER (*turning to her*). Will you please be quiet?

EUGENIE. Why, I was just as still as a little mouse. I was only seeing if you loved me.

BUSTER. Well, I'm the headquarters for all information of that sort.

EUGENIE (*sitting on his knee*). Well, do you?

BUSTER. Get up. That's no place for you.

EUGENIE. Why?

BUSTER. Do you think that's nice? (EUGENIE *nods her head*.) Well, do you think it's proper?

EUGENIE. Most newspaper reporters think it is.

BUSTER. But I'm a journalist.

EUGENIE. What's a journalist?

BUSTER. A journalist, my dear, is a man who invents news, and makes the people believe it is true. A reporter tells the truth; a journalist uses his own judgment. He is the noblest work of God, because he stands boldly on his own feet.

EUGENIE. Is that the reason one can't sit on his lap?

BUSTER. Let me read you the beginning of the most wonderful newspaper story ever written. (*Reads*.) "After three hundred years of heart wrenching search for the coy and cold North Pole, that ultimate externity of this mundane sphere has at last been achieved and surveyed by the optics of those intrepid and all-conquering Arctic explorers, Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle." What do you think of that for an opening sentence? Won't that bust 'em wide open?

EUGENIE (*sitting on his knee*). It's very beautiful.

(*Strokes his hair.*)

BUSTER. That's what I think.

EUGENIE (*still stroking his hair*). Mother has a rag carpet just the same shade.

BUSTER. As what?

EUGENIE. As your hair. Weren't we talking about that?

BUSTER. No, we weren't. Now pay attention to this. "For countless and countless ages of time——" Don't

blow down the back of my neck. Do you think you are a vacuum cleaning system?

EUGENIE. I just wanted to know whether you minded.

BUSTER. Well, I do. Just remember the privilege of that seat is revocable, and the management reserves the right to eject its occupant at any time.

EUGENIE. Dear me, I don't like you; you talk like the back of a railroad ticket. If you say anything like that again, I'll get off your knee.

BUSTER. You will, eh?

EUGENIE. And sit right down on the other one.

BUSTER. You have such a sweet disposition.

EUGENIE. Yes, mother always said my fatal bashfulness was a great drawback.

BUSTER. You're a very good-looking baby.

EUGENIE. Oh, dear! Aren't we getting on?

BUSTER. Does your mother allow you to go to supper in the evening with a man?

EUGENIE. Well, since the sun shines all night here, she won't mind.

BUSTER. Well, then, come along.

(*Enter OLM., R.*)

OLM. Say, hired girl —

EUGENIE. My name's Eugenie.

OLM. Yousheeny, eh? Vell, Yousheeny, tell Mrs. Weisenpimpfle I want to see her right away quick.

EUGENIE. Yes, sir, I'll take you right to her, sir. (*To BUSTER.*) I'll meet you in a minute.

BUSTER. Now to get this on the wire.

(*Exit BUSTER, R. Exeunt OLM. and EUGENIE, L. 1.*)

(*Enter QUERY, CAPTAIN, MRS. S. and SAILOR, L. 2.*)

QUERY. Hist! Are we alone?

(*Others look about under pieces of snow, under coats, into audience, etc., while QUERY goes up close to the back drop, and looks straight into it with his opera-glasses. Red light on scene.*)

CAPTAIN. We are alone.

QUERY. Have you all your weapons?

ALL (*in a hoarse whisper*). Yes.

QUERY. And are you all prepared to sacrifice your lives for the sake of justice, equity and truth?

ALL. We are.

QUERY. Then there will be bold deeds to-night. See yonder Pole? Is there any one among you whose heart shrinks from wrenching it free from its foundation, and carrying it off from the hated Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle?

ALL. No.

MRS. S. They are the oppressors of women. I vote (oh, proud word) to steal it from them. Only it must be done in a ladylike manner.

CAPTAIN. If any man of them raises his hand against us, he dies in his tracks.

MRS. S. I have some acid to throw at them. It is so refined, and very effective. (*Shows large bottle.*)

(*Exit SAILOR, R. 2, with dance step.*)

CAPTAIN. Lead on, Commander. We follow you to the last ditch.

QUERY. Hist! We must be disguised. We had all better go as members of the Salvation Army. That will put them entirely off their guard, as they would never think of seeing the Salvation Army up here.

(*Enter SAILOR, R. 2, with bass drum, tambourine, and Salvation Army caps and bonnet. QUERY and CAPTAIN put on Salvation Army caps. MRS. S. puts on bonnet, and takes tambourine. CAPTAIN takes bass drum.*)

SAILOR. What am I?

QUERY. You had better be an Esquimaux dog. (SAILOR begins to bark.) Hist! Is everything ready? (*Enter HENCOOP, L. 1, unobserved.*) Now, then, I am to steal the Pole. And remember, we can put it anywhere we want to, and discover it for ourselves.

(*They march around the stage, beating drum and tambourine.*)

CAPTAIN. Mr. Query, I say in order to deceive them we should pretend to go in another direction first, and then return.

QUERY. Good! This way.

*(Exeunt, L. 2, beating drum and tambourine.)*

HENCOOP. Hi! Captain Omelet. *(Enter OLM., L. 1, followed by MRS. W., GIBSON, and EUGENIE.)* Captain, they are going to steal the Pole, and take it off in a corner, and discover it again.

OLM. That Pole has been discovered too much. They'll wear the paint off of it. *(Calls off R.)* Weissenpimpfle!

WEIS. *(running in out of breath.)* What it is? Break it to me gently, all at once.

HENCOOP. They are going to steal the Pole. What are we going to do?

WEIS. Oh, we'll just let them get it, and go after them and take it from them. Notify the reporters, somebody. *(They hide R. Enter L. 1, QUERY, CAPTAIN, MRS. S., and SAILOR. They march to the Pole, and QUERY pulls it down from its pedestal. Immediately small boxes, brick-shaped, and gilded, are thrown out rapidly, one after the other, through hole in top of pedestal. This is done by some one behind drop or concealed in pedestal. WEIS. rushes in from R., followed by OLM., EUGENIE, HENCOOP, and MRS. W.)* Vat did I tell you, Olmy? It is a gold mine already!

*(Every one scrambles for the boxes, and as they are picked up they are all piled in WEIS.'s arms. He drops them, and he and OLM. dive for them.)*

QUERY. What did I tell you? Gold bricks! Fraud! Liars! Undesirable citizens! Fakirs! Oh, won't I expose you when I get on the lecture platform? Gold bricks!

*(He rushes out L. 1, carrying Pole with him, and followed by CAPTAIN and SAILOR.)*

MRS. S. *(shouting.)* Where the polls go, I follow. Votes for women! *(Runs out L. 1.)*

OLM. *(running toward L. 1.)* Stop him! He has it the Pole!

WEIS. Let him go, Olmy. Let him go. Competition is the life of trade—what? He is our best advertisement, ain't it? My, my, just think of the lots of lots he will sell for us, Olmy!

OLM. Yes. And we don't pay him no commissions.

WEIS. We'll let him be our real escape agent. Oh, I'm



so excited. I must do something devilish. I love the Jews, but oh, Yousheeny.

(*Embraces EUGENIE. MRS. W. faints.*)

MRS. W. (*reviving*). No explanations, Mr. Weissenpimpfle. You can make those in the divorce court.

OLM. Oh, Mrs. Weissenpimpfle, you don't mean it.

MRS. W. I do.

WEIS. Shut up, Olmstein.

OLM. Mrs. Weissenpimpfle, you are hasty; you haven't given it thought. I am sure he didn't mean any harm. Think what a kind, what a beautiful husband he has been. Oh, think how your slightest wish has been law. Don't throw him over this way; don't wreck his young life. Oh, it is sad, sad!

WEIS. Shut up, Olmstein, you'll spoil it all.

MRS. W. Perhaps I was hasty.

WEIS. Now see what you did, you onion face.

MRS. W. Come to my arms, Hector. I forgive you.

WEIS. (*talking to OLM., and not looking where he is going*). Onion face, pickle mouth.

(*Embraces EUGENIE instead of MRS. W.*)

MRS. W. Monster! My lawyer will see you the instant we reach New York. (*To EUGENIE.*) As for you—hussy, I——

EUGENIE. Oh, don't mind about me. I have another place.

(*Looks off R., whistles and beckons, then reaches out R. and makes a motion as though catching something in her finger-tips and drawing it toward her.*)

(*Enter BUSTER, R., running, and rushes up to EUGENIE.*)

BUSTER. What is it? What's the game?

EUGENIE. Pussy wants a corner. You're it!

(*Tags him and runs out R., followed by BUSTER.*)

OLM. (*up L. C.*). Weissen, I'm sorry I tried to fix it up.

WEIS. (*up R. C.*). Ain't it awful, Olmy?

OLM. Oh, it's terrible.

WEIS. She was such a good wife—occasionally.

OLM. Yes. Poor Weissenpimpfle! Poor Hector!

WEIS. Don't you feel like crying, Olmy?

OLM. Yes, it's so pathetic.

WEIS. Olmstein!

OLM. Yes.

WEIS. It's up to you.

OLM. Vot?

WEIS. Vy, when the wife of a partner dies, or commits it divorce, the surviving partner, if he is unmarried, has it to —has to make good.

OLM. Has to vot?

WEIS. Vell, the lady has to have a husband, don't it?

OLM. Yes.

WEIS. Vell, then, who's to attend to it but you?

OLM. Vot? Do I have to ask her?

WEIS. Yes, now.

OLM. All right. Stand by me, Weissen. (*To MRS. W.*) Honored madam, I—I ——

WEIS. Deeply implore ——

OLM. Deeply ignore ——

WEIS. Your attention ——

OLM. Your intention ——

WEIS. Vile I ask it a question.

OLM. Vile I ask you an answer.

WEIS. Go on. You're doing fine, Olmy.

OLM. You are the most beautiful woman I have seen. When I look into your limpid blue eyes, a lump jumps into my throat, and I say, "Olmstein, that's a stunner."

WEIS. Come to the point, or you'll forget what you are here for.

OLM. Mrs. Weissenpimpfle, I am on the job. As soon as Mr. Weissenpimpfle's lease is up, will you marry me?

MRS. W. Oh, you sweet little thing!

(*OLM. embraces her.*)

OLM. Oh, yes, I'm the grass widow's mite.

WEIS. Mrs. Weissenpimpfle, I am ashamed of you. Don't you see everybody in the audience is looking at you? Come away.

OLM. Weissen, congratulate me.

WEIS. I congratulate you. Now you are a millionaire by marriage.

OLM. Yes, and you are a millionaire once removed. Poor old Weissen, lost the goose mit the golden eggs.

WEIS. Never mind it. I got it somethings better.

OLM. Better? Vot it is?

WEIS. Vy, Olmstein, I am on the verge of being the greatest millionaire in the world. Listen, everybody. (*Beckons R. and L. Enter QUERY, MRS. S., and all the others.*) I am going to establish the North Pole Correspondence School. Arctic exploring taught by mail. Three lessons for a hundred dollars. Get the idea, Olmstein?

OLM. Get it? Sure I get it. "Why swelter in a stuffy office, when you can earn thirty dollars a week discovering the North Pole." Oh, Weissen, we will be rich.

WEIS. We? We? You take your second-hand wife and beat it. I am the North Pole Correspondence School, Limited.

OLM. Weissen, don't you have to have postage stamps for a Correspondence School?

WEIS. Sure.

OLM. Well, the lady's money will be handy to buy the stamps.

WEIS. That's so, Olmstein. We will not dissolution partnership. You and me and Mrs. Weissenpimpfle—I mean Mrs. Olmstein—we was all boys together, ain't it?

OLM. Sure it is.

WEIS. Vell, and we have gone through awful publicity and everything together to find this North Pole. Let's stick together, Olmy.

OLM. All right, Weissen.

QUERY. Am I in on this?

OLM. Sure he is. Ain't he, Weissen? I guess there's enough North Poles to go around—vot? Say, Weissen, now we found the Pole let's make a lot more just like it and put them all over the United States. Every town that has a soldier's monument will want one.

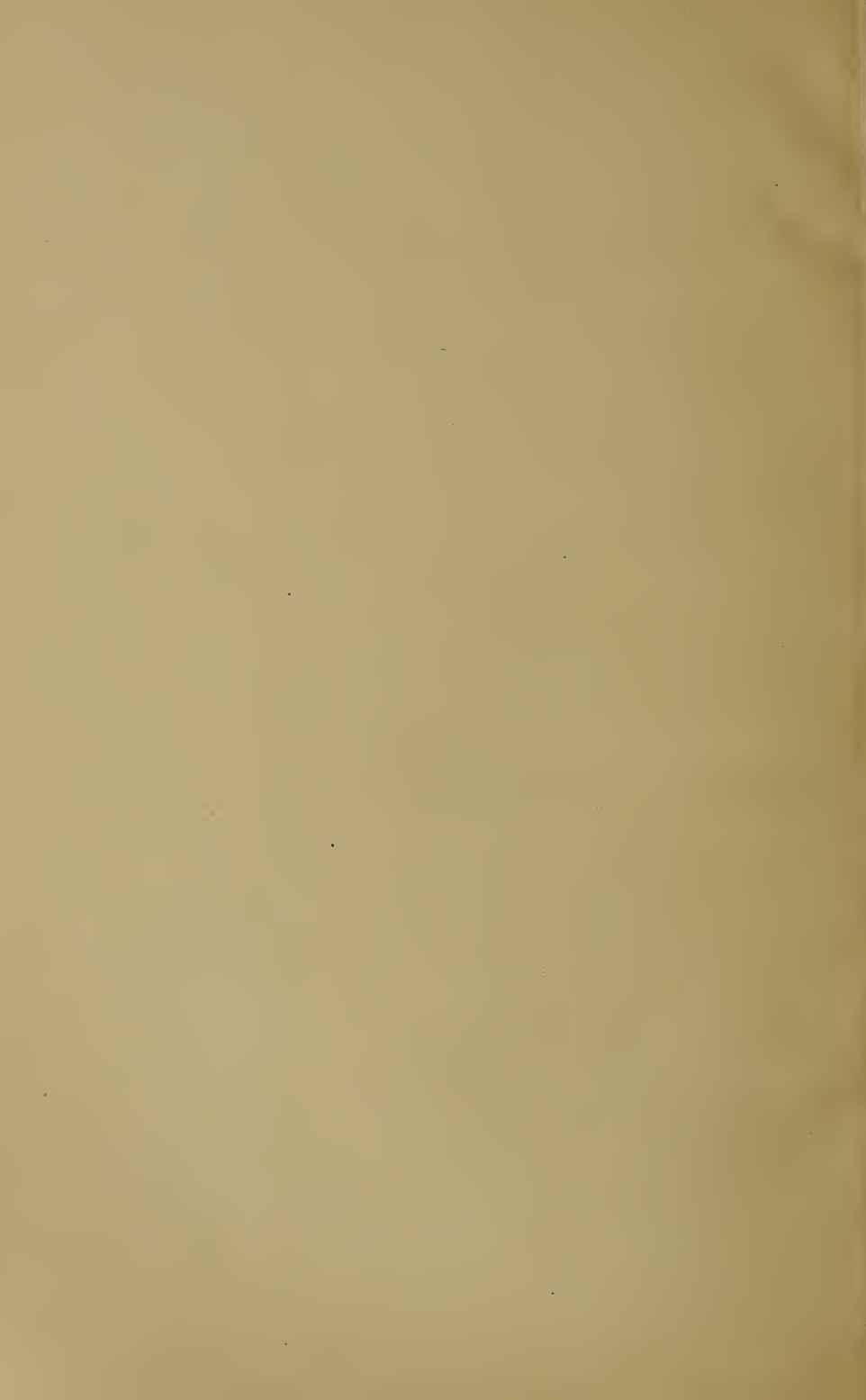
WEIS. Sure. And then nobody won't have no more trouble finding the North Pole when they want it. And by the bottom of each one we will write it—"Elected by Olmstein and Weissenpimpfle, Arctic Architects."











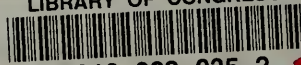








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